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R O M E O

AND

J U L I E T.

By SHAKESPEAR.

With ALTERATIONS, and an additional  
SCENE;

By D. GARRICK.

As it is Performed at the Theatre-Royal  
in *Drury-Lane*.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCCLXIII.



## Advertisement.

**T**HE chief Design of the Alterations in the following Play, was to clear the Original as much as possible from the Fingle and Quibble which were always the Objections to the reviving it.

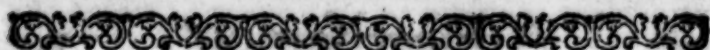
The sudden Change of Romeo's Love from Rosaline to Juliet, was thought by many, at the first Revival of the Play, to be a blemish in his Character; an Alteration in that particular has been made more in Compliance to that Opinion, than from a Conviction that Shakespear, the best Judge of human Nature, was faulty.

Bandello, the Italian Novelist, from whom Shakespear has borrow'd the Subject of this Play, has made Juliet to wake in the Tomb before Romeo dies: This Circumstance Shakespear has omitted, not, perhaps, from Judgment, but from reading the Story in the French or English Translation, both which have injudiciously left out this Addition to the Catastrophe.

Otway in his Caius Marius, a Tragedy taken from Romeo and Juliet, has made use of this affecting Circumstance, but it is matter of wonder that so great a dramatic Genius did not work up a Scene from it of more Nature, Terror and Distress.—Such a Scene was attempted at the Revival of this Play, and it is hop'd, that an endeavour to supply the failure of so great a Master will not be deem'd arrogant, or the making use of two or three of his introductory Lines, be accounted a Plagiarism.

The Persons who from their great Good-nature and Love of Justice have endeavour'd to take away from the present Editor the little Merit of this Scene by ascribing it to Otway, have unwittingly, from the Nature of the Accusation, paid him a Compliment which he believes they never intended him.





## Dramatis Personæ.

|                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| <b>ROMEO,</b>      | Mr. Garrick.     |
| Escalus,           | Mr. Bramby.      |
| Paris,             | Mr. Scrase.      |
| Mountague,         | Mr. Burton.      |
| Capulet,           | Mr. Berry.       |
| Mercutio,          | Mr. Woodward.    |
| Benvolio,          | Mr. Mozeen.      |
| Tibalt,            | Mr. Blakes.      |
| Old Capulet,       | Mr. Johnson.     |
| Friar Lawrence,    | Mr. Harvard.     |
| Friar John,        | Mr. Jefferson.   |
| Balthasar,         | Mr. Ackman.      |
| Gregory,           | Mr. W. Vaughan.  |
| Sampson,           | Mr. Clough.      |
| Abram,             | Mr. Marr.        |
| <br><b>JULIET,</b> | <br>Mrs. Cibber. |
| Lady Capulet,      | Mrs. Bennet.     |
| Nurse,             | Mrs. Macklin.    |

*Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women  
relations to Capulet, Maskers, Guards,  
and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth  
Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of  
the Play, in and near Verona.*



ROMEO



# ROMEO and JULIET.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Street in Verona.*

*Enter Sampson and Gregory.*

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, I strike quickly, being mov'd.  
Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.  
Sam. A dog of the house of Mountague moves me.  
Greg. Draw thy tool then, for here come of that house.

*Enter Abram and Balthasar.*

Sam. My naked weapon is out; Quarrel, I will back thee, but ——— Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir.

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

A 4

Greg.

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*Greg.* Do you quarrel, Sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

*Sam.* If you do, Sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better, Sir.

*Sam.* Well, Sir.

*Enter Benvolio.*

*Greg.* Say better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

*Sam.* Yes, better, Sir.

*Abr.* You lye.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men. *Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.* [They fight.]

*Ben.* Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

*Enter Tibalt:*

*Tib.* What art thou drawn amongst these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

*Tib.* What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee: Have at thee, coward.

*Enter three or four citizens with clubs.*

*Off.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike, beat them down. Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues*.

*Enter old Capulet in his Gown.*

*Cap.* What noise is this? give me my sword, My sword, I say: old *Mountague* is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter old Mountague.*

*Moun.* Thou villain, *Capulet*—Hold me not, let me go.

*Enter Prince with Attendants.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Prophaners of your neighbour-stained steel——

Will

# ROMEO and JULIET. 9

Will they not hear? what ho! you Men! you beasts,  
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,  
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins;  
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
 Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,  
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.  
 Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,  
 By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*,  
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets:  
 And made *Verona's* ancient citizens  
 Cast by their grave befitting ornaments,  
 To wield old partizans in hands as old.  
 If ever you affright our streets again,  
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
 For this time all the rest depart away.  
 You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me;  
 And *Mountague*, come you this afternoon  
 To know our further pleasure in this case.  
 Once more on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Manent Mountague and Benvolio.*

*Moun.* **W**H O set this ancient quarrel now abroad?  
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary,  
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach;  
 I drew to part them: in the instant came  
 The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,  
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds:  
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
 'Till the prince came.

*Moun.* O where is *Romeo*? Saw you him to-day?  
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

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*Ben.* My lord an hour before the worship'd sun  
Peer'd through the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad;  
Where underneath the grove of sycamoor,  
That westward rooteth from the city side,  
So early walking did I see your son,  
Tow'rs him I made, but he was 'ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of a wood.  
I, measuring his affections by my own,  
(That most are busied when they're most alone,)  
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing him,  
And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

*Moun.* Many a morning hath he there been seen  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew;  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should, in the farthest east, begin to draw  
The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed;  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself;  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,  
And makes himself an artificial night.  
Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
Unless good council may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

*Moun.* I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

*Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?

*Moun.* Both by myself and many other friends;  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself, I will not say, how true:  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud, bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

*Ben.* So please you, Sir, *Mercutio* and myself  
Are most near to him; be it that our years,  
Statutes, births, fortunes, studies, inclinations,  
Measure the rule of his, I know not; but  
Friendship still loves to fort him with his like.  
We will attempt upon his privacy,

And



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And could we learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure, as knowledge.

*Moun.* 'Twill bind us to you; good *Benvolio*, go.

*Ben.* We'll know his grievance, or be hard denied.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Before Capulet's House.*

*Enter Capulet, Paris, and a Servant.*

*Cap.* **A**ND *Mountague* is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reck'ning are you both,  
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long:  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before,  
My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
She hath not seen the change of eighteen years;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a wife.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.

*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early made:  
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but her.  
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart;  
If she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent, so woo her, gentle *Paris*.  
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a friend,  
Such as I love, and you among the rest;  
Once more most welcome!

Come go with me. Go, firrah, trudge about

[*To a Servant.*]

Through fair *Verona*; find those persons out,  
Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
My house and welcome on their pleasures stay. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E



## S C E N E IV.

*A Wood near Verona.*

*Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

*Mer.* SEE where he steal — Told I you not, *Benvolio*,  
That we should find this melancholy *Cupid*  
Lock'd in some gloomy covert, under key  
Of cautionary silence; with his arms  
Threaded, like these cross boughs, in sorrow's knot.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Ben.* Good-morrow, Cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ah me! sad hours seem long.

*Mer.* Pr'ythee, what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours?

*Rom.* Not having that, which having makes them short.

*Ben.* In love, me seems!

Alas, that love so gentle to the view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

*Rom.* Where shall we dine?—O me—Confin *Benvolio*,  
What was the fray this morning with the *Capulets*?  
Yet, tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Love, heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

This love feel I; but such my froward fate,

That there I love where most I ought to hate.

Dost thou not laugh, my friend?—Oh *Juliet*, *Juliet*!

*Ben.* No, coz, I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?—

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*Mer.* Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

*Rom.* In sadness then, I love a woman.

*Mer.* I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

*Rom.* A right good marksman! and she's fair I love:  
But knows not of my love, 'twas through my eyes

The

The shaft empiere'd my heart, chance gave the wound,  
Which time can never heal: no star befriends me,  
To each sad night succeeds a dismal morrow.

And still 'tis hopeless love, and endless sorrow,

*Mer.* Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O teach me how I should forget to think.

*Mer.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes:

Take thou some new infection to thy heart,

And the rank poison of the old will die.

Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.

Shew me a mistress that is passing fair;

What doth her beauty serve but as a note,

Remembring me, who past that passing fair;

Farewel, thou can'st not teach me to forget.

*Mer.* I warrant thee. If thou'lt but stay to hear,  
To-night there is an ancient splendid feast

Kept by old *Capulet*, our enemy,

Where all the beauties of *Verona* meet.

*Rom.* At *Capulet's*!

*Mer.* At *Capulet's*, my friend;

Go there, and with an unattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow!

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires;

And burn the hereticks. All-seeing Phœbus

Ne'er saw her match, since first his course began.

*Mer.* Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,  
Herself pois'd with herself; but let be weigh'd

Your lady-love against some other fair,

And she will shew scant well.

*Rom.* I will along, *Mercutio*.

*Mer.* 'Tis well. Look to behold at this high feast,  
Earth-treading stars, that make dim heaven's lights,

Hear all, all see, try all; and like her most,

That most shall merit thee.

*Rom.* My mind is chang'd —

I will not go to-night.

*Mer.*

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*Mer.* Why, may one ask?

*Rom.* I dream'd a dream last night.

*Mer.* Ha! ha! a dream?

O then I see queen Mab hath been with you.  
 She is the fancy's mid-wife, and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agat-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an Alderman,  
 Drawn with the team of little atomies,  
 Athwart mens noses as they lie asleep:  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
 The collars, of the moon-shine's watry beams;  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:  
 Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm,  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers:  
 And in this state she gallops night by night,  
 Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love;  
 On courtiers knees, that dream on curt'sies straight:  
 O'er lawyers fingers, who straight dream on fees,  
 O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;  
 Then dreams he of another benefice.  
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, *Spanish* blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,  
 And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again. This is that *Mab*—

*Rom.* Peace, peace,  
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams;

Which

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Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
 And more unconstant than the wind.

*Ben.* This wind you talk of, blows us from ourselves,  
 And we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear too early: for my mind misgives  
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
 From this night's revels—lead, gallant friends;  
 Let come what may, once more I will behold  
 My *Juliet's* eyes, drink deeper of affliction:  
 I'll watch the time; and, mask'd from observation,  
 Make known my sufferings, but conceal my name:  
 Tho' hate and discord 'twixt our fires increase,  
 Let in our hearts dwell love and endless peace.

[*Exeunt Mer. and Ben.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Capulet's House.*

*Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*

*La. Cap.* **N**URSE, where's my daughter? call her  
 forth to me.

*Nurse.* Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve year old)  
 I bade her come; what lamb, what lady-bird, God forbid—  
 where's this girl? what, *Juliet*?

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* How now, who calls?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here, what is your will?

*La. Cap.* This is the matter——*Nurse*, give leave  
 a while, we must talk in secret; *Nurse*, come back again,  
 I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear my counsel: thou  
 know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

*Nurse.* Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

*La. Cap.* She's not eighteen.

*Nurse.*

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*Nurse.* I'll lay eighteen of my teeth, and yet to my teeth be it spoken, I have but eight, she's not eighteen; how long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

*La. Cap.* A fortnight and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all Days in the year come *Lammas* eve at night shall she be eighteen. *Susan* and she (God rest all christian souls) were of an age. Well, *Susan* is with God; she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammas*-eve at night shall she be eighteen, that shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now fifteen Years, and she was wean'd; I never shall forget it, of all the days in the year upon that day; for I had then laid wormwood to my breast, sitting in the sun under the dove-house-wall; my lord and you were then at *Mantua*——nay, I do bear a brain. But as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of the breast, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy and fall out with the breast. Shake, quoth the dove-house——'twas no need I trow, to bid me trudge; and since that time it is fifteen years, for then she could stand alone, nay, by th' rood, she could have run, and wadled all about; for even the day before she broke her brow; and then my husband (God be with his soul, a' was a merry man,) took up the child: yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit? wilt thou not, *Julé*? and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay; To see now how a jest shall come about I warrant, and I should live a thousand Years, I should not forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it stinted, and said, ay.

*Jul.* And stint thee too, I pray thee, peace.

*Nurse.* Peace, I have done; God mark thee to his grace. Thou wast the prettiest babe that ere I nurs'd: An' I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

*La. Cap.* And that same marriage is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*, How stands your disposition to be married?

*Jul.* It is an honour that I dream not of.

*Nurse.* An honour? were not I thine only nurse,



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I'd say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

*La. Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger than you  
Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers. By my 'count,  
I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,  
The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady, lady, such a man  
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

*La. Cap.* *Verona's* summer hath not such a flower.

*Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower, in faith, a very flower.

*La. Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris's* love?

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move;  
But no more deep will I indart my eye,  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter Gregory.*

*Greg.* Madam, new guests are come, and brave ones,  
all in masks. You are call'd; my young lady ask'd for,  
the Nurse curs'd in the pantry; supper almost ready to  
be serv'd up, and every thing in extremity. I must  
hence and wait.

*La. Cap.* We follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

*The Capulets, Ladies, Guests, and Maskers, are discover'd.*

*Cap.* **W**elcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have  
your feet

Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.  
Who'll now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,  
I'll swear hath corns. Am I come near you now?  
Welcome all Gentlemen; I've seen the day  
That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A



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A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please; 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!  
[Musick plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;  
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.  
Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.  
Nay fit, nay fit, good cousin *Capulet*,  
For you and I are past our dancing days:  
How long is't now since last yourself and I  
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

*Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much!  
'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five and twenty years and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, Sir:  
His son is thirty.

*Cap.* Will you tell me that?  
His son was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* Cousin *Benvolio*, do you mark that lady which  
Doth enrich the hand of yonder gentleman.

*Ben.* I do.

*Rom.* Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,  
Like a rich Jewel in an *Ethiops'* ear;  
The measure done, I'll watch her to her place,  
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.  
Be still, be still, my fluttering heart.

*Tib.* This, by his voice, should be a *Mountague*,  
Fetch me my rapier, boy; what, dares the slave  
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,  
To f leer and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now by the stock and honour of my race,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

*Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore storm you thus?

*Tib.* Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, our foe;  
A villain that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn and flout at our solemnity.

*Cap.* Young *Romeo*, is't?

*Tib.* That villain *Romeo*.

*Cap.*

*Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,  
He bears him like a courtly gentleman:  
And, to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth,  
I would not for the wealth of all this town  
Here in my house do him disparagement:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.

*Tib.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest.  
I'll not endure him.

*Cap.* He shall be endur'd.  
Be quiet, Confin, or I'll make you quiet——

*Tib.* Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,  
Makes my flesh tremble in their difference.  
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Dance here.*]

*Rom.* If I profane with my unworthy hand [*To Jul.*  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this. [*Kiss.*

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,  
For palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

*Rom.* Thus then, dear saint, let lips put up their  
prayers. [*Kiss.*

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*Ben.* What is her mother? [*To her nurse.*

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous,  
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal:  
I tell you, he that can lay hold on her  
Shall have the chink.

*Ben.* Is she a *Capulet*?

*Romeo,* let's be gone, the sport is over.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear, the more is my mishap. [*Exeunt.*

*Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.  
Is it e'en so? why then, I thank you all.  
I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night:  
More torches here—come on, then let's to supper. [*Exe.*

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?  
*Nurse.*

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*Nurse.* The son and heir of old *Tiberio*.

*Jul.* What's he that is now a going out of door?

*Nurse.* That, as I think, is young *Mercutio*.

*Jul.* What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

*Nurse.* I know not.

*Jul.* Go ask his name. If he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

*Nurse.* His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,  
The only son of your great enemy.

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen, unknown; and known too late.

*Nurse.* What's this? what's this!

*Jul.* A rhyme I learn'd e'en now  
Of one I talk'd withal. [One calls within, Juliet.

*Nurse.* Anon, anon——  
Come, let's away, the strangers are all gone. [Exeunt.



ACT II. SCENE I.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Romeo alone.*

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. [Exit.

*Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.*

*Ben.* *Romeo*, my cousin *Romeo*.

*Mer.* He is wise,

And on my life hath stol'n him home to bed.

*Ben.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall,  
Call, good *Mercutio*.

*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, *Romeo*! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh.

Speak

ROMEO and JULIET. 21

Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfy'd.  
Cry but *Ab me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,  
Speak to my gossip *Venus* one fair word,  
One nick-name to her pur-blind son and heir;  
I conjure thee by thy mistress's bright eyes,  
By her high-forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
And the demeaſns that there adjacent lye,  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Ben.* An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him: 'Twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
'Till she had laid it. My invocation is  
Honest and fair, and in his mistress' name,  
I conjure only but to raise him up.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
To be comforted with the hum'rous night.

*Mer.* *Romeo*, good night, I'll to my truckle bed,  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:  
Come, shall we go?

*Ben.* Go then, for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A G A R D E N.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom.* **H**E jests at scars that never felt a wound—  
But soft, what light thro' yonder window  
breaks?

It is the east, and *Juliet* is the sun!

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*]

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.  
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?

*Her*

22 ROMEO and JULIET.

Her eye discourses, I will answer it ;  
I am too bold—Oh were those eyes in Heav'n,  
They'd through the airy region stream so bright,  
That birds would sing and think it were the morn :  
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand !  
O that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek !

*Jul.* Ah me !

*Rom.* She speaks, she speaks !

Oh speak again bright angel, for thou art  
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger from heav'n,  
To the upturn'd wond'ring eyes of mortals  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O *Romeo, Romeo*—wherefore art thou *Romeo* ?  
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name :  
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

*Rom.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ? [*Aside.*

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy ;  
What's in a name ? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet.  
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
Without that title ; *Romeo*, quit thy name,  
And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word :  
Call me but love, I will forswear my name,  
And never more be *Romeo*.

*Jul.* What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night  
So stumblest on my counsel ?

*Rom.* I know not how to tell thee who I am :  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee.

*Jul.* My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.  
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague* ?

*Rom.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

*Jul.*



ROMEO and JULIET. 23

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and for what?  
The orchard-walls are high; and hard to climb,  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,  
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.  
By whose direction found'st thou out this place!

*Rom.* By love that first did prompt me to enquire,  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes;  
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far  
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment:  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay,  
And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,  
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers perjuries  
They say *Jove* laughs. Oh gentle *Romeo*,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo: but else not for the world.  
In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,  
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,  
And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which

24 ROMEO and JULIET:

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow—

*Jul.* O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb;  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my true heart's love—

*Jul.* Well, do not swear—although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night;  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,  
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say, it lightens—sweet, good night,  
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:  
Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

*Rom.* O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

*Rom.* Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it  
And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,  
Love?

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.  
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu.

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good Nurse—Sweet *Mountague*, be true;  
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

*Rom.* O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid  
Being in night, all this is but a dream!  
'Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

# ROMEO and JULIET. 25

*Re-enter Juliet above.*

*Jul.* Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night indeed :  
If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose, marriage, send me word to-morrow  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee.  
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite ;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

*[Within : Madam.*

*I* come, anon——but if thou mean'st not well,  
*I* do beseech thee——*[Within : Madam.]* By and by *I*  
come——

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.  
To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul.

*Jul.* A thousand times good night. *[Exit.*

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

*Enter Juliet again.*

*Jul.* Hift ! *Romeo*, hift ! O for a falk'ner's voice,  
To lure this tassel gentle back again——  
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,——  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,  
And make her angry tongue more hoarse than mine  
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

*Rom.* It is my love that calls upon my name.  
How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,  
Like softest musick to attending ears !

*Jul.* *Romeo* !

*Rom.* My sweet !

*Jul.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee ?

*Rom.* By the hour of nine.

*Jul.* I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then——  
*I* have forgot why *I* did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Jul.* *I* shall forget to have thee still stand there,  
Remembring how *I* love thy company.

*Rom.* And *I*'ll stay here to have thee still forget,

B

For.

26 ROMEO and JULIET.

Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,  
That lets it hop a little from her hand,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would I were thy bird.

*Jul.* Sweet, so would I,  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good-night 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast;  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

A MONASTERY.

*Enter Friar Lawrence with a basket.*

*Fri.* **T**HE gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning  
night,

Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must fill up this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers.

O mickle is the powerful grace, that lies

In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,

But to the earth some special good doth give:

Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,

And vice sometimes by actions dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower

Poison hath residence, and medicine power:

For

# ROMEO and JULIET. 27

For this being smelt, with that sense chears each part:  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed foes encamp them still  
 In man, as well as herbs; Grace and rude Will:  
 And where the worser is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom.* Good-morrow, father.

*Fri.* *Benedicite.*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?  
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,  
 So soon to bid good-morrow to thy pillow:  
 Care keeps his watch on every old man's eye,  
 And where care lodgeth, sleep will never bide;  
 But where with unstuff'd brain unbruised youth  
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep resides,  
 Therefore thy earliness assureth me  
 Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'rature:  
 What is the matter, son?

*Rom.* I tell thee ere thou ask it me again;  
 I have been feasting with mine enemy,  
 Where to the heart's core one hath wounded me,  
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies  
 Within thy help and holy physic lie.

*Fri.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.

*Rom.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set  
 On *Juliet*, *Capulet's* fair daughter;  
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine:  
 When, and where, and how  
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows,  
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I beg  
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

*Fri.* Holy saint *Francis*, what a change is this!  
 But tell me, son, and call thy reason home,  
 Is not this love the offspring of thy folly,  
 Bred from thy wantonness and thoughtless brain?  
 Be heedful, youth, and see you stop betimes,  
 Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,  
 O'er-leaping duty, and each due regard,



28      *ROMEO and JULIET.*

Hurry thee on, thro' short liv'd, dear-bought pleasures,  
To cureless woes, and lasting penitence.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide me not, she whom I love,  
Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love;  
Do thou with heav'n smile upon our union;  
Do not withhold thy benediction from us,  
But make two hearts, by holy marriage, one.

*Fri.* Well, come, my pupil, go along with me,  
In one respect I'll give thee my assistance;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your household rancour to pure love.

*Rom.* O let us hence, Love stands on sudden haste.

*Fri.* Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

*Mer.* **W**Here the devil should this *Romeo* be?  
came he not home to-night?

*Ben.* Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that  
*Rosaline*, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet* hath sent a  
letter to his father's house.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* *Romeo* will answer it.

*Mer.* Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! stabb'd  
with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear  
with a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the  
blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter  
*Tibalt*?

*Ben.* Why, what is *Tibalt*?

*Mer.* Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments;  
he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and  
proportion; rests his minum one, two, and the third in  
your

# ROMEO and JULIET. 29

your bosom ; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist ; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause ; ah the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the hay——

*Ben.* The what ?

*Mer.* The pox of such antick, lispings, affected phantasies, these new tuners of accents:—— Jesu, a very good blade——a very tall man——a very good whore—— Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion mongers, these *pardonnez moy's* ?

*Ben.* Here comes *Romeo*.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified ? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in : *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench ; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her : *Dido* a dowdy : *Cleopatra* a gipsy, *Helen* and *Hera* hildings and harlots : *Thisbe* a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose.

*Enter Romeo.*

Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*, there's a *French* salutation for you.

*Romeo.* Good-morrow to you both.

*Mer.* You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

*Rom.* What counterfeit did I give you ?

*Mer.* The slip, Sir, the slip : can you not conceive ?

*Rom.* Pardon, *Mercutio*, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

*Enter Nurse and her Man.*

*Ben.* A sail ! a sail !

*Mer.* Two, two, a shirt and a smock.

*Nurse.* *Peter*.

*Pet.* Anon.

*Nurse.* My fan, *Peter*.

*Mer.* Dó, good *Peter*, to hide her face.

*Nurse.* Good ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* Good ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young *Romeo* ?

B 3

*Rom.*

*Rom.* I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

*Nurse.* You say well. If you be he, Sir,  
I desire some confidence with you.

*Ben.* She will indite him to supper presently.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd: So ho.

*Rom.* What hast thou found?

*Mer.* No, hare, Sir, but a bawd. *Romeo*, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewel, ancient lady.

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

*Nurse.* I pray you, Sir, what faucy merchant was this that was so full of his roguery?

*Rom.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

*Nurse.* An' a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an' he were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks: and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; and thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

[*To her man.*]

*Pet.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*Nurse.* Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers——Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out. What she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest unto thee——

*Nurse.*

ROMEO and JULIET. 31

*Nurse.* Good heart, and i'faith, I will tell her as much ;  
Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her, *Nurse* ? thou dost not  
mark me.

*Nurse.* I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest ; which,  
as I take it is a Gentleman-like offer.

*Rom.* Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this  
afternoon.

And there she shall at friar *Lawrence*' cell  
Be shriv'd and married ; here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No truly, Sir, not a penny.

*Gom.* Go to, I say, you shall.

*Nurse.* This afternoon, Sir ? well, she shall be there.

*Rom.* And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall :  
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,  
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,  
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy  
Must be my convoy in the secret night.  
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

*Nurse.* Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady ;  
lord, lord, when 'twas a little prating thing——Oh,  
there is a nobleman in town, one *Paris*, that would fain  
lay knife aboard ; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a  
toad, a very toad, as see him : I anger her sometimes,  
and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man ; but I'll war-  
rant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout  
in the varshal world.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady—— [Exit Romeo.

*Nurse.* A thousand times. *Peter* ?

*Pet.* Anon.

*Nurse.* Take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E V.

Capulet's House.

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* **T**HE clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse:

In half an hour she promis'd to return.  
 Perchance she cannot meet him—That's not so—  
 Oh, she is lame; love's heralds should be thoughts,  
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,  
 Driving back shadows over lowering hills.  
 Therefore do nimble pinion'd doves draw love,  
 And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.  
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
 Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve—  
 Is three long hours—and yet she is not come;  
 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,  
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball,  
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
 And his to me.

*Enter Nurse.*

O Heav'n! she comes. Oh honey nurse, what news?  
 Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. *[Exit Peter.]*

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse—

Oh Lord, why look'st thou sad?

*Nurse.* I am a weary, let me rest awhile:

Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

*Jul.* Nay, come, I pray thee speak—Good, good nurse, speak.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that.

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Go thy ways, wench, serve God—What, have you dined at home?

*Jul.*



*Jul.* No, no,—but all this did I know before:  
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

*Nurse.* Lord, how my head akes? what a head have I?  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces;  
My back o' th' other side—O my back, my back:  
BesREW your heart, for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

*Jul.* I'faith, I'm sorry that thou art so ill;  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love.

*Nurse.* Your love says like an honest gentleman,  
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,  
And I warrant a virtuous——where is your mother?

*Jul.* Where is my mother? why, she is within,  
Where should she be? how oddly thou reply'st?

*Your love says like an honest gentleman:  
Where is your mother——*

*Nurse.* Oh, our lady dear,  
Are you so hot? marry, come up! I trow.  
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?  
Hence-forward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil; come, what says *Romeo*?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to friar *Lawrence*' cell,  
There stays a husband to make you a wife.  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks——  
Hie you to church, I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.  
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune: Honest nurse, farewell!

[*Exeunt*]

## S C E N E VI.

*The MONASTERY.**Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.*

*Fri.* SO smile the heav'ns upon this holy act,  
That after-hours of sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.* Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,  
That one short minute gives me in her sight.  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri.* These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder;  
Which as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore love moderately.

*Enter Juliet.*

Here comes the lady. Oh so light a foot:  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;  
A lover may bestride the goffamour,  
That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good-even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

*Rom.* Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it; then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both  
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit more rich in matter than in words,  
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their worth;

*But*

But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

*Fri.* Come, come with me;  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [Exeunt.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

*The STREET.*

*Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Servants.*

BENVOLIO.

**I** Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;  
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, God send me no need of thee; and by the operation of a second cup, draws it on the drawer, when indeed, there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; an' there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less in his head than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes; thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before *Easter*? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

*Ben.*

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*Ben.* If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

*Enter Tibalt, Petruchio, and others.*

*Ben.* By my head, here come the *Capulets*.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Tib.* Be near at hand, for I will speak to them :  
Gentlemen, good den, a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us ? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

*Tib.* You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving ?

*Tib.* *Mercutio*, thou consort'st with *Romeo*.

*Mer.* Consort ? what dost thou make us minstrels ! if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords : here's my fiddle-stick, here's that shall make you dance, zounds ! consort ? [*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men :  
Either withdraw into some private place,  
Or reason coolly of your grievances,  
Or else depart ; here all eyes gazes on us.

*Mer.* Mens eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Tib.* Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery.

*Tib.* *Romeo*, the love I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this ; thou art a villain.

*Rom.* *Tibalt*, the reason that I have to love thee,  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting : villain I am none,  
'Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

*Tib.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

*Rom.* I do protest I never injur'd thee,  
But love thee better than thou canst devise ;  
And so, good *Capulet*, (whose name I tender

*As.*

As dearly as my own) be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Ha! *la stoccata* carries it away—*Tibalt*—you ratcatcher.

*Tib.* What would'st thou have with me?

*Mer.* Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal: Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*Tib.* I am for you, Sir. [Drawing.]

*Rom.* Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, Sir, your passado. [*Mer. and Tib fight.*]

*Rom.* Draw, *Benvolio*—beat down their weapons.—

Gentlemen—for shame forbear this outrage—

Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*— [Exit Tibalt.]

*Mer.* I am hurt—

A plague of both your houses! I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What, art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch, marry, 'tis enough:  
Go, fetch a surgeon.

*Rom.* Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world—a plague of both your houses!—What? a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death; a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, *Benvolio*;

Or I shall faint; a plague o'both your houses!

They have made worms meat of me,

I have it, and soundly too; plague o'both your houses!

[Exeunt *Mer. and Ben.*]



## S C E N E II.

*Rom.* **T**HIS gentleman, the prince's near ally  
 My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
 In my behalf; my reputation's stain'd  
 With *Tibalt's* slander: O sweet *Juliet*,  
 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
 And in my temper softened valour's steel.

*Enter Benvolio.*

*Ben.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,  
 That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
 Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Enter Tibalt.*

*Ben.* Here comes the furious *Tibalt* back again:

*Rom.* Alive? in triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?  
 Away to heav'n respective lenity,  
 And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!  
 Now, *Tibalt* take the villain back again,  
 That late thou gav'st me: for *Mercutio's* foul  
 Is but a little way above our heads,  
 And thou or I must keep him company.

*Tib.* Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here,  
 Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that.

[*They fight, Tibalt falls.*]

*Ben.* *Romeo*, away, begone:  
 The citizens are up, and *Tibalt* slain—  
 Stand not amaz'd; the prince will doom thee death,  
 If thou art taken: hence, begone, away.

*Rom.* O! I am fortune's fool. [Exit *Romeo*.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Enter Prince, Mountague, Capulet, Citizens, &c.*

*Prince.* **W**Here are the vile beginners of this fray?  
*Ben.* O noble prince, I can discover all  
 The unlucky manage of this fatal quarrel:  
 There lies the man slain by young *Romeo*,  
 That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*.

*Cap.* Unhappy sight! alas, the blood is spill'd  
 Of my dear kinsman ——— Now as thou art a Prince,  
 For blood of ours, shed blood of *Mountague*.

*Prin.* *Ben-volio*, who began this fray?

*Ben.* *Tibalt* here slain;

*Romeo* bespeak him fair, bid him bethink  
 How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal  
 Your high displeasure: all this uttered  
 With gentle breath, calm looks, knees humbly bow'd,  
 Could not make truce with the unruly spleen  
 Of *Tibalt*, deaf to peace; but that he tilts  
 With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio's* breast;  
 Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
 And with a martial scorn with one hand beats  
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
 It back to *Tibalt*, whose dexterity  
 Retorts it: *Romeo*, he cries aloud,  
 Hold friends, friends part! and swifter than his tongue,  
 His agil arm beats down their fatal points,  
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
 An envious thrust from *Tibalt* hit the life  
 Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled;  
 But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,  
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
 And to't they go like lightning: for ere I  
 Could draw to part them, was stout *Tibalt* slain;  
 And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:  
 This is the truth, or let *Ben-volio* suffer.

*Cap.* He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,  
 Affection makes him false; he speaks not true;

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I beg for justice; justice, gracious Prince;

*Romeo* slew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

*Prin.* *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*;

Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

*Mount.* *Romeo* but took the forfeit life of *Tibalt*.

*Prin.* And we for that offence do banish him.

I have an int'rest in your heady brawls,

My blood doth flow from brave *Mercutio*'s wounds.

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,

That you shall all repent my loss in him.

I will be deaf to pleading and excuse,

Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase our repeal:

Therefore use none, let *Romeo* be gone,

Else when he is found, that hour is his last.

Bear hence this body, and attend our will:

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*An Apartment in Capulet's House.*

*Enter Juliet alone.*

*Jul.* **G**Allop apace, you fiery footed steeds,  
To *Phæbus*' mansion; such a waggoner,  
As *Phæton*, would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That the run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*  
Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.  
Come night, come *Romeo*! come thou day in night!  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,  
Whiter than snow upon the raven's back:  
Give me my *Romeo*, Night, and when he dies  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun:—

*Oh,*

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Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it; so tedious is this day,  
As is the night before some festival,  
To an impatient child that hath new robes,  
And may not wear them. Oh, here comes my nurse!

*Enter Nurse.*

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks  
But *Romeo's* name, speaks heav'nly eloquence;  
Now, nurse, what news?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

*Nurse.* Ah, welladay he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!  
We are undone, lady, we are undone——

*Jul.* Can heav'n be so envious?

*Nurse.* *Romeo* can.

Though heav'n cannot. Oh *Romeo!* *Romeo!*

*Jul.* What devil art thou, that does torment me thus?  
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
Hath *Romeo* slain himself? say thou but ay,  
And that bare little word shall poison more  
Than the earth-darting eye of cockatrice.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,  
Here on his manly breast.—A piteous coarse,  
A bloody piteous coarse, pale, pale as ashes,  
I swooned at the sight.

*Jul.* Oh break my heart!—— poor bankrupt, breaks  
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;  
Vile earth to earth resign, and motion here,  
And thou and *Romeo* press one heavy bier!

*Nurse.* Oh *Tibalt*, *Tibalt*, the best friend I had;  
That ever I should live to see thee dead?

*Jul.* What storm is this that blows so contrary?  
Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tibalt* dead?

*Nurse.* *Tibalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished.  
*Romeo* that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Jul.* Oh heaven! did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tibalt's* blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did, alas the day! it did.

*Jul.* Oh nature! What hadst thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

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In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? Oh that deceit  
should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace,

*Nurse.* There is no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd;

Shame come to *Romeo*!

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue,

For such a wish; he was not born to shame,

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd,

So'e monarch of the universal earth.

Oh what a wretch was I to chide him so?

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him, that kill'd your  
cousin?

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I thy three hours wife have mangled it?

Back foolish tears, back to your native spring:

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives that *Tibalt* would have slain,

And *Tibalt*'s dead that would have kill'd my husband;

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was worser than *Tibalt*'s death

That murder'd me; I would forget it fain,

But oh it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds;

*Tibalt is dead, and Romeo banished,*

That *banished*, that one word *banished*,

Hath slain ten thousand *Tibalts*: In that word

Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,

All slain, all dead! — *Romeo is banished!*

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse!

*Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over *Tibalt*'s corpse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears! my eyes shall  
flow

When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s banishment.

*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*

To comfort you. I wot well where he is.

Hark



Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;  
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence's* cell.

*Jul.* Oh find him, give this ring to my true lord,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

The MONASTERY.

*Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.*

*Fri.* ROMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man,  
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

*Fri.* Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company,  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

*Rom.* What less than death can be the prince's doom?

*Fri.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death;  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: Do not say banishment;  
'Tis death mis-term'd calling death banishment;  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath push'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment,  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here  
Where *Juliet* lives. There's more felicity  
In carrion-flies, than *Romeo*: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,  
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;

But

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But *Romeo* may not, he is banished !  
 Oh father, hast thou no strong poison mixt,  
 No sharp ground knife, no present means of death,  
 But banishment to torture me withal.

*Fri.* Fond mad-man, hear me speak,  
 I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,  
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
 To comfort thee tho' thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet banished ? hang up philosophy :  
 Unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*,  
 It helps not, it prevails not ; talk no more——

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* Thou can'st not speak of what thou dost not feel :  
 Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,  
 An hour but married, *Tibalt* murdered :  
 Doting like me, and like me banished ;  
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,  
 And fall upon the ground as I do now,  
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

*Fri.* Arise, one knocks ; good *Romeo*, hide thyself,  
 [Knock within.]

*Rom.* Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,  
 Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

*Fri.* Hark, how they knock——*Romeo*, arise,  
 Who's there ?

Thou wilt be taken——stay awhile,——stand up ; [Knocks.  
 Run to my study——By and by——God's will ;

What wilfulness is this !——I come, I come. [Knocks.  
 Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's your will ?

*Nurse.* [within.] Let me come in, and you shall know  
 my errand :

I come from lady *Juliet*.

*Fri.* Welcome then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Oh holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,  
 Where is my lady's lord ? where's *Romeo* ? [drunk.

*Fri.* There, on the ground, with his own tears made

*Nurse.* O he is even in my mistress's case,

Just

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Just in her case: Oh *Juliet*, *Juliet*!

*Rom.* Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?  
Since I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
With blood,

Where is she? how does she? what says she?

*Nurse.* Oh, she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps  
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,  
And *Tibalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,  
And then falls down again.

*Rom.* As if that name  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun  
Did murder her. Oh tell me, Friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion.

*Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;  
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts note  
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.  
Thou hast amazed me. By my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain *Tibalt*? wilt thou slay thyself?  
And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee?  
What, rouze thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;  
Ascend her chamber; hence, and comfort her:  
But look thou slay not till the watch be set,  
For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua*,  
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time  
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back,  
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,  
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady,  
And bid her hasten all the house to rest,  
*Romeo is coming.*

*Nurse.* Oh lord, I could have staid here all night long  
To hear good counsel; oh, what learning is!  
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*Nurse.*

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*Nurse.* Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir:  
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

*Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

*Fri.* Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time  
Every good hap to you that chances here:

Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good night,

*Rom.* But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,  
It were a grief so soon to part with thee. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Capulet's House.

*Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.*

*Cap.* **T**Hings have fall'n out, Sir, so unluckily  
That we have had no time to move our  
daughter:

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tibalt* dearly,  
And so did I—Well, we were born to die—  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.

*Par.* These times of grief afford no time to woo:  
Madam, good night, commend me to your daughter.

*Cap.* Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.  
But, soft; what day? Well, *Wednesday* is too soon,  
On *Thursday* (let it be:) you shall be marry'd.  
We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two—  
For, hark you, *Tibalt* being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday*?

*Par.* My lord, I would that *Thursday* were to-morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone—on *Thursday* be it then:  
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed: [To lady Cap.  
Prepare

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Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.  
Farewel, my lord—light to my chamber, ho!  
Good-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VII.

### *The GARDEN.*

*Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window; a ladder of  
Ropes set.*

*Jul.* WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day:  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops,  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yon light is not day-light, I know it well;  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*;  
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en; let me be put to death,  
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.  
I'll say yon gray is not the morning eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* brow,  
I'll say 'tis not the lark whose notes do beat,  
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads:  
Come death and welcome: *Juliet* wills it so.  
What says my love? let's talk, it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is, hie hence away, be gone;  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

Oh



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Oh now be gone, more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* More light and light?—more dark and dark our  
Farewel, my love; one kifs, and I'll be gone. [woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Madam.

*Jul.* Nurse.

*Nurse.* Your lady mother's coming to your chamber :  
The day is broke, be wary, look about.

*Jul.* Art thou gone so? love! lord! ah, husband, friend!  
I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,  
For in love's hours there are many days.  
O by this count I shall be much in years,  
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

*Rom.* Farewel: I will admit no opportunity,  
That may convey my greetings to thee, love.

*Jul.* O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

*Rom.* I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

*Jul.* O heav'n! I have an ill-divining soul,  
Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt parting from me,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb!  
Either my eye-sight fails or thou look'st pale.

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you :  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu!  
My life, my love, my soul. Adieu? [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

*Juliet's Chamber.*

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* O Fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle.  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune:  
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back again.

*Enter*

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

*La. Cap.* Ho, daughter, are you up?

*Jul.* Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

*La. Cap.* Why how now, *Juliet*?

*Jul.* Madam, I'm not well.

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*La. Cap.* I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needful time.  
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;  
One who to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next *Thursday* morn,  
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,  
The County *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* church,  
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

*Jul.* I wonder at this haste, that I must wed  
Ere he that must be husband comes to woo.  
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,  
I cannot marry yet.

*La. Cap.* Here comes your father, tell him so you self,  
And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter Capulet and Nurse.*

*Cap.* How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears;  
Evermore showering? Why how now, wife?  
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*La. Cap.* Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks:  
I would the fool were married to her grave.

*Cap.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife,  
How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud; doth she not count her blest,  
(Unworthy as she is,) that we have wrought  
So worthy gentleman to be her bridegroom?

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*Jul.* Proud can I never be of what I hate,  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* Thank me no thankings,  
But settle your fine joints 'gainst *Thursday* next,  
To go with *Paris* to St. *Peter's* church :  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

*La. Cap.* Fy, fy, what are you mad ?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch,  
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thursday*,  
Or never after look me in the face.  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me,  
Wife, we scarce thought us blest,  
That God had sent us but this only child,  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her :  
Out on her, hilding,

*Nurse.* Heaven bless her :  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue,  
Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* Peace; you mumbling fool ;  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* Good wife, it makes me mad; day, night, late, early,  
At home, abroad; alone, in company,  
Waking or sleeping; still my care hath been  
To have her match'd; and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demians; youthful and nobly allied,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man :  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender  
To answer, I'll not wed, I cannot love,  
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.——  
But if you will not wed, look to't, think on't,  
I do not use to jest——*Thursday* is near.

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If you be mine, I'll give you to my friends :  
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'th' streets ;  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee. [Exit.

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief ?  
O sweet, my mother, cast me not away,  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;  
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where *Tibalt* lies.

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word :  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

*Jul.* O heav'n ! O nurse, how shall this be prevented ?  
Alack, alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems  
Upon so soft a subject as myself.

*Nurse.* Rise, faith here it is :  
*Romeo* is banish'd ; all the world to nothing,  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;  
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth :  
Then since the case so stands, I think it best  
You married with the count.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart ?

*Nurse.* And from my soul too,  
Or else beshrew them both.

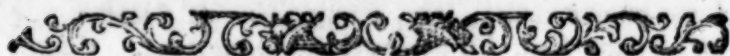
*Jul.* Amen, amen.

*Nurse.* What ?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much ;  
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to *Lawrence's* cell,  
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will, and this is wisely done. [Exit.

*Jul.* Ancient damnation ! Oh most wicked fiend !  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,  
So many thousand times ? go, counsellor,  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain ;  
I'll to the friar to know his remedy ;  
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.



## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*The MONASTERY.**Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.*

F R I A R.

**O**N *Thursday*, Sir! the time is very short.*Par.* My father *Capulet* will have it so,

And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

*Fri.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind:  
Uneven is this course, I like it not.*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for *Tibalt's* death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love,

For *Venus* smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she should give her sorrow so much sway;

And in his wisdom haltes our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her tears;

Now do you know the reason of this haste?

*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rd's my cell.

*Enter Juliet.**Par.* Welcome my love, my lady, and my wife.*Jul.* That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.*Par.* That may be, must be, love, on *Thursday* next.*Jul.* What must be, shall be.*Par.* Come you to make confession to this father?*Jul.* To answer that were to confess to you:

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

*Fri.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.

My lord, I must intreat the time alone.

*Par.* Heav'n shield, I should disturb devotion:*Juliet,*



*Juliet*, on *Thursday* early will I rouse you :  
Till then adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit Paris.*]

*Jul.* Go, shut the door ; and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

*Fri.* O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief.

*Jul.* Tell me not, Friar, that thou know'st my grief,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it,  
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this steel I'll help it presently.  
Heav'n join'd my heart and *Romeo's* ; thou our hands,  
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Give to another, this shall slay them both :  
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,  
Give me some present counsel, or behold  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody dagger  
Shall play the umpire ;—

Speak now, be brief ; for I desire to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri.* Hold, daughter ; I do espy a kind of hope,  
Which craves as desperate an execution,  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If rather than to marry County *Paris*  
Thou hast the strength or will to slay thyself,  
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to free thee from this marriage,  
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower :  
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,  
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam :  
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead-men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks, and yellow chappels' skulls,  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,  
Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble ;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,

54 ROMEO and JULIET.

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*Fri.* Hold, then, go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry *Paris*; look thou lye alone.

(Let not thy nurse lye with thee in thy chamber.)

And when thou art alone, take thou this phial,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off;

When presently through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize

Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep

His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat.

No warmth, no breath shall testify thou liv'st;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To paly asbies; thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,

And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then, as the manner of our country is,

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,

And hither shall he come; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;

And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

*Jul.* Give me, O give me, tell me not of fear.

[*Taking the phial.*]

*Fri.* Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve; I'll send a Friar with speed

To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

*Jul.* Love, give me strength, and strength shall help  
afford.

Farewel, dear father——

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Capulet's House.

*Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*

Cap. **W**Hat, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?  
Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her ;  
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter Juliet.*

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look!

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you been  
gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you and your behests ; and am enjoin'd  
By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,  
And beg your pardon ; pardon, I beseech you !  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go tell him of this,  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell,  
And gave him what becoming love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well ; stand up ;  
Now afore heav'n this reverend holy Friar, —  
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow.

La. Cap. No, not 'till Thursday, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, Nurse, go with her ; we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision ;  
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, all things shall be well,  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ;

65 ROMEO and JULIET.

I'll not to bed, but walk myself to *Paris*,  
T'appoint him 'gainst to-morrow. My heart's light,  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.  
[*Exeunt Capulet and Lady Capulet.*]

S C E N E III.

*Juliet's Chamber.*

*Enter Juliet and Nurse.*

*Jul.* **A**Y, those attires are best; but, gentle Nurse,  
I pray thee leave me to myself to-night;  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heav'n's to smile upon my state,  
Which well thou know'st is cross and full of sin.

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

*La. Cap.* What, are you busy? do you need my help?

*Jul.* No, madam, we have cull'd such necessities  
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow;  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the Nurse this night set up with you;  
For I am sure you have your hands full all,  
In this so sudden business.

*La. Cap.* Then good night:  
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*]

*Jul.* Farewel—heav'n knows, when we shall meet  
again!

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life.  
I'll call them back again to comfort me.  
Nurse—yet what should they do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone:

[*Takes out the phial.*]

Come, phial—What if this mixture do not work at all?  
Shall I of force be married to the Count?

No, no, this shall forbid it; lie thou there—

[*Pointing to a dagger.*]

What

What if it be a poison, which the Friar  
 Subtly hath ministred, to have me dead,  
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
 Because he married me before to *Romeo*?  
 I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,  
 For he hath still been tried a holy man——  
 How, if when I am laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that *Romeo*  
 Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
 To whose foul mouth no healthsom air breathes in?  
 And there be strangled ere my *Romeo* comes?  
 Or if I live, is it not very like  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Together with the terror of the place,  
 (As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
 Where for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
 Where bloody *Tibalt*, yet but green in earth,  
 Lies festring in his shroud; where, as they say,  
 At some hours in the night spirits resort——)  
 Alas, alas! is it not like, that I  
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,  
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad,——  
 Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
 (Invironed with all these hideous fears,)  
 And madly play with my forefathers joints,  
 And pluck the mangled *Tibalt* from his shroud?  
 And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone  
 As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?  
 O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out *Romeo*——Stay, *Tibalt*, stay!  
*Romeo*, I come! this do I drink to thee. [Drinks.  
 [She throws herself on the bed.



## S C E N E IV.

## A H A L L.

*Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

*La. Cap.* **H**Old, take these keys, and fetch more spices, Nurse.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

*Enter Capulet and Lady, meeting.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath crow'd,  
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:  
Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*,  
Spare not for cost.

*Nurse.* Go, go, you cot-quean, go;  
Get you to bed; faith you'll be sick to-morrow,  
For this night's watching. [Exit.

*Cap.* No not a whit; what, I have watch'd ere now  
All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

[Play musick.

The County will be here with musick straight,  
For so he said he would.—I hear him near,  
*Nurse*,—wife,—what ho? what, *Nurse*, I say?

*Enter Nurse.*

Go waken *Juliet*, go, and trim her up.

I'll go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haste;

Make haste, I say.

[Exit Capulet.

## S C E N E V.

*SCENE draws and discovers Juliet on a bed.*

*Nurse.* **M**istress, what mistress! *Juliet*—Fast, I  
warrant her,

Why, lamb—why, lady—Fy, you slug-a-bed—

Why, love, I say—Madam, sweet-heart—why, bride—  
What,

What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;  
 Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,  
 That you shall rest but little—God forgive me—  
 Marry and amen—How sound is she asleep?  
 I must needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,  
 Ay, let the County take you in your bed—  
 He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?  
 What drest, and in your clothes—and down again!  
 I must needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady,—  
 Alas, alas! help! help! my lady's dead,  
 O well a-day, that ever I was born?  
 Ho! my lord, my lady!

*Enter Lady Capulet.*

*La. Cap.* What noise is here?  
*Nurse.* O lamentable day!  
*La. Cap.* What is the matter?  
*Nurse.* Look,—oh, heavy day!  
*La. Cap.* Oh me, my child, my only life!  
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!  
 Help, help! call help.

*Enter Capulet.*

*Cap.* For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her lord is come.  
*Nurse.* She's dead; she's dead: alack the day!  
*Cap.* Ha! let me see her—Out alas, she's cold,  
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff,  
 Life and these lips have long been separated:  
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
 Upon the sweetest flower of the field.  
 Accursed time! unfortunate old-man!

*Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris with Musicians.*

*Fri.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?  
*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.  
 O son, the night before the wedding-day  
 Death has embrac'd thy wife: see, there she lies,  
 Flower as she was, nipp'd in the bud by him!  
 Oh *Juliet*, oh my child, my child!

*Par.*

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's face,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this;

*La. Cap.* Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day.

*Cap.* Most miserable hour, that Time ere saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage.

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to enjoy and solace in,

And cruel death hath catcht it from my sight.

*Fri.* Your daughter lives in peace and happiness;

Heav'n and yourself had part in this fair maid,

Now, heav'n hath all—dry up your fruitless tears:

Come, stick your rosemary on this fair corps;

And, as the custom of our country is,

Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.

*Cap.* All things that we ordain'd to festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments, to melancholy bells;

Our wedding chear, to a sad burial feast:

Our solemn hymns to sullen durges change;

And bridal flowers serve for a burial coarse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;

And go, Sir *Paris*, every one prepare

To follow this fair coarse unto her grave.

The heav'ns do low'r upon you, for some ill;

Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

*The inside of a Church.*

Enter the funeral procession of Juliet, in which the following Dirge is sung.

CHORUS.

**R**ISE, rise!  
 Heart-breaking sighs,  
 The woe-fraught bosom swell;  
 For sighs alone,  
 And dismal moan,  
 Should echo Juliet's knell.

AIR.

*She's gone—the sweetest flow'r of May,  
 That blooming blest our sight;  
 Those eyes which shone like breaking day,  
 Are set in endless night!*

CHORUS.

*Rise, rise! &c.*

AIR.

*She's gone, she's gone, nor leaves behind  
 So fair a form, so pure a mind;  
 How could'st thou, Death, at once destroy,  
 The Lover's hope, the Parent's joy?*

CHORUS.

*Rise, rise! &c.*

AIR.

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## A I R.

*Thou spotless soul, look down below,  
Our unfeign'd sorrow see;  
Oh give us strength to bear our woe,  
To bear the loss of thee!*

## CHORUS.

*Rise, rise! &c.*

## S C E N E II.

### M A N T U A.

*Enter Romeo.*

**I**F I may trust the flattery of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:  
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,  
And all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.  
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,  
And breath'd such life with kisses on my lips,  
That I reviv'd and was an Emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

*Enter Balthasar.*

News from *Verona*—How now, *Balthasar*?  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?  
How doth my lady? is my father well?  
How doth my *Juliet*? that I ask again,  
For nothing can be ill if she be well?

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,  
Her body sleeps in *Capulet's* monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives:  
I saw her carried to her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you:  
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news.

*Rom*



*Rom.* Is it even so? then I defy you, stars—

*Bal.* My lord!

*Rom.* Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Go, thou art deceiv'd;  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:  
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

*Bal.* No, good my lord.

*Rom.* No matter: Get thee gone,  
And hire those horses, I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to-night;—  
Let's see for means——O mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thought of desperate men!  
I do remember an Apothecary,  
And hereabouts he dwells, who late I noted  
In tatter'd weeds with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples, meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuft, and other skins  
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes;  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses  
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.  
Noting his penury, to myself I said,  
An' if a man did need a poison now,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
Oh this same thought did but forerun my need;  
As I remember this should be the house.  
Being holy-day the beggar's shop is shut.  
What, ho! Apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud?

*Rem.* Come hither, man; I see that thou art poor;  
Hold,

64 ROMEO and JULIET.

Hold, there are forty ducats: let me have  
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,  
As will disperse itself thro' all the veins,  
That the life-weary taker may soon die.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua's* law  
Is death to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;  
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;  
The world affords no law to make thee rich:  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will consents. [Exit.]

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

[Apothecary returns.]

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off, and if you had the strength  
Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:  
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.  
Come cordial, and not poison, go with me  
To *Juliet's* grave, for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*The Monastery at Verona.*

*Enter Friar John to Friar Lawrence.*

*John.* **H**oly *Franciscan* Friar! brother! ho!

*Law.* This same should be the voice of Friar

*John.*

Welcome from *Mantua*; what says *Romeo*?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*John.*

*John.* Going to find a barefoot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick;  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
(Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign)  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,  
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

*Law.* Who bore my letter then to *Romeo*?

*John.* I could not send it; here it is again,  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.

*Law.* Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,  
Of dear import, and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,  
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit,

*Law.* Now must I to the monument alone:  
Within these three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;  
She will bestrew me much that *Romeo*  
Hath had no notice of these accidents:  
But I will write again to *Mantua*,  
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.  
Poor living corpse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit,

S C E N E IV.

*A Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the Capulet's.*

*Enter Paris, and his Page with a light.*

*Par.* **G**ive me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof.  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen;  
Under yon' yew-tree lay thee all along,  
Placing thy ear close to the hollow ground,

Sq

66 ROMEO and JULIET.

So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,  
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.

*Page.* I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* Sweet flow'rs! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I  
strow; [*Strewing flowers.*]

Fair *Juliet*, that with angels dost remain,  
Accept this latest favour at my hand,  
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,  
With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb. [*The boy whistles.*]  
—The boy gives warning, something doth approach—  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies? and true loves rite?  
What, with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.  
[*Paris retires.*]

S C E N E V.

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a light.*

*Rom.* **G**ive me the wrenching iron.  
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father,  
Put out the torch, and, on thy life, I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death,  
Is partly to behold my lady's face:  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,  
A precious ring, a ring that I must use  
In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone;  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I further shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;

The

The time and my intents are savage, wild,  
More fierce and more inexorable far  
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou that,  
Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell, good fellow.

*Bal.* For all this same I'll hide me near this place;  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. *[Exit.]*

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth;  
Thus I enforce thy rotten joys to open.

*[Breaking open the monument.]*  
And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

*Par.* *[Shewing himself.]* Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile  
*Mountague;*

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;  
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die,

*Rom.* I must indeed, and therefore came I hither—  
Good, gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;  
Fly hence and leave me:

By heav'n, I love thee better than myself;  
For I come hither arm'd against myself.

*Par.* I do defy thy pity and thy counsel,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.  
*[They fight, Paris falls.]*

*Page.* Oh lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

*Par.* Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet.* *[Dies]*

*Rom.* In faith, I will: let me peruse this face—  
*Mercutio's* kinsman! Noble County *Paris*!  
Give me thy hand,—

One writ with me in four misfortune's book,  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,  
For here lies *Juliet*—Oh my love, my wife,  
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

And



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And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
Oh *Juliet*, why art thou yet so fair—here, here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest;

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-weary flesh:

Come bitter conduct, come unfav'ry guide,  
Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark:  
No more—here's to my love!—eyes, look your last;

[*Drinking the Poison.*]

Arms, take your last embrace: and lips, do you  
The doors of breath seal with a righteous kiss;—  
Soft—she breathes, and stirs! [Juliet awakes.]

*Jul.* Where am I? defend me!

*Rom.* She speaks, she lives: and we shall still be bless'd!  
My kind propitious stars o'erpay me now  
For all my sorrows past—rise, rise, my *Juliet*,  
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,  
Quick let me snatch thee to thy *Romeo's* arms,  
There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,  
And call thee back to life and love. [*Takes her hand.*]

*Jul.* Bless me! how cold it is! who's there!

*Rom.* Thy husband,

'Tis thy *Romeo*, *Juliet*; rais'd from despair  
To joys unutt'able! quit, quit this place,  
And let us fly together—— [*Brings her from the tomb.*]

*Jul.* Why do you force me so—I'll ne'er consent—  
My strength may fail me, but my will's unmov'd,——  
I'll not wed *Paris*,—*Romeo* is my husband——

*Rom.* Her senses are unsettl'd—Heav'n restore 'em!  
*Romeo* is thy husband; I am that *Romeo*,  
Nor all the opposing pow'rs of earth or man,  
Shall break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.

*Jul.* I know that voice—Its magic sweetness wakes  
My tranced soul—I now remember well  
Each circumstance—Oh my lord, my husband——

[*Going to embrace him.*]

Dost thou avoid me, *Romeo*? let me touch  
Thy hand, and taste the cordial of thy lips—  
You fright me——speak—Oh let me hear some voice  
Besides

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Besides my own in this drear vault of death,  
Or I shall faint——support me——

*Rom.* Oh I cannot,  
I have no strength, but want thy feeble aid,  
Cruel poison!

*Jul.* Poison! what means my lord; thy trembling  
voice!

Pale lips! and swimming eyes! death's in thy face!

*Rom.* It is indeed—I struggle with him now——  
The transports that I felt to hear thee speak,  
And see thy op'ning eyes, stopt for a moment  
His impetuous course, and all my mind  
Was happiness and thee; but now the poison  
Rushes thro' my veins——I've not time to tell——  
Fate brought me to this place—to take a last,  
Last farewell of my love, and with thee die.

*Jul.* Die? was the *Friar* false!

*Rom.* I know not that——  
I thought thee dead: distracted at the sight,  
(Fatal speed) drank poison, kiss'd thy cold lips,  
And found within thy arms a precious grave——  
But in that moment——Oh——

*Jul.* And did I wake for this!

*Rom.* My powers are blasted,  
'Twixt death and love I'm torn——I am distracted!  
But death's strongest—and must I leave thee, *Juliet*!  
Oh cruel cursed fate! in sight of heav'n——

*Jul.* Thou rav'st——lean on my breast——

*Rom.* Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt 'em.  
Nature pleads in vain—Children must be wretched——

*Jul.* Oh my breaking heart——

*Rom.* She is my wife—our hearts are twin'd together——  
*Capulet* forbear——*Paris*, loose your hold——  
Pull not our heart-strings thus—they crack—they break——  
Oh *Juliet*! *Juliet*! [Dies.

*Jul.* Stay, stay, for me, *Romeo*——  
A moment stay; fate marries us in death,  
And we are one——no pow'r shall part us.

[Faints on *Romeo's* body.  
*Enter*

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*Enter Friar Lawrence with lantern, crow, and spade.*

*Fri.* St. Francis be my speed! how oft to-night,  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? who's there,  
Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre!

*Jul.* Who's there?

*Fri.* Ah, *Juliet* awake, and *Romeo* dead!  
And *Paris* too———Oh what unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

*Jul.* Here he is still, and I will hold him fast,  
They shall not tear him from me——

*Fri.* Patience, Lady———

*Jul.* Who is that? O thou cursed *Friar*! patience!  
Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me!

*Fri.* O fatal error! rise, thou fair distressed,  
And fly this scene of death!

*Jul.* Come thou not near me,  
Or this dagger shall quit my *Romeo's* death!

[*Draws a Dagger.*

*Fri.* I wonder not thy griefs have made thee desp'rate.  
What noise without? sweet *Juliet*, let us fly——  
A greater power than we can contradict,  
Hath thwarted our intents——come, haste away,  
I will dispose thee, most unhappy lady,  
Amongst a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
Stay not to question——for the watch is coming,  
Come, go, good *Juliet*——I dare not longer stay. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, I will not away——  
What's here! a phial——*Romeo's* timeless end.  
O churl drink all, and leave no friendly drop  
To help me after——I will kiss thy lips,  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them—— [*Kisses him.*

[*Watch and Page within.*]

*Watch.* Lead, boy, which way——

*Jul.* Noise again!

Then I'll be brief——O happy dagger!  
This is thy sheath, there rest and let me die. [*Kills herself.*

*Boy.* This is the place——my liege.

*Enter*

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*Enter Prince, &c.*

*Prin.* What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from its morning's rest;

*Enter Capulet.*

*Cap.* What should it be, that they so shriek abroad!  
The people in the street cry *Romeo*;  
Some, *Juliet*; and some, *Paris*; and all run  
With open outcry tow'ards our monument.

*Prin.* What fear is this, which startles in your ears?

*Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County *Paris* slain,  
And *Romeo* dead——*Juliet* thought dead before  
Is warm and newly kill'd——

*Cap.* Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter Mountague.*

*Prin.* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,  
To see thy son and heir now early fall'n——

*Mount.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night,  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.  
What farther woe conspires against my age!

*Prin.* Look there——and see——

*Mount.* Oh thou untaught, what manners is in this,  
To press before thy father to a grave!

*Prin.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring and head——mean time forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience;

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri.* I am the greatest.

*Prin.* Then say at once what thou dost know of this.

*Fri.* Let us retire from this dread scene of death  
And I'll unfold the whole; if ought in this  
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
Be sacrific'd some hour before its time  
Unto the rigour of severest law.

*Prin.* We still have known thee for a holy man;  
Where be these enemies, *Capulet*! *Mountague*!  
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate.

*Cap.*

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*Cap.* Oh brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand,  
This is my daughter's jointure: for no more  
Can I demand.

*Mount.* But I can give thee more,  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,  
That while *Verona* by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at that rate be priz'd,  
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

*Cap.* As rich shall *Romeo* by his lady lie.  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

*Prin.* A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,  
Let *Romeo's* man and let the boy attend us:  
We'll hence and farther scan these sad disasters:  
Well may you mourn, my Lords, (now wise too late)  
These tragic issues of your mutual hate:  
From private feuds, what dire misfortunes flow;  
Whate'er the cause, the sure effect is Woe.

F I N I S.

